

Loved You So Much Just Then

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32478772) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32478772>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Dream SMP , Minecraft (Video Game)
Relationships:	Alexis Quackity/Wilbur Soot , Alexis Quackity & Wilbur Soot , Past Alexis Quackity/Karl Jacobs/Sapnap - Relationship
Characters:	Alexis Quackity , Wilbur Soot
Additional Tags:	Mentioned TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , (slightly!!!) , can be seen as platonic or romantic , Mild Blood , Unresolved Romantic Tension , Alexis Quackity Has PTSD , Alexis Quackity has BPD , Alexis Quackity Has HPD , Resurrected Wilbur Soot , Canon Disabled Character , Las Nevadas on Dream Team SMP (Video Blogging RPF) , Not RPF
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of TNTduo Slice of Life
Stats:	Published: 2021-07-10 Words: 1,256 Chapters: 1/1

Loved You So Much Just Then

by [Takeoffyourskin](#)

Summary

Quackity and Wilbur have a predawn talk, featuring fire, one-uppance, and just a little bit of masochism.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Quackity's not used to getting up this early— before the sun rises, before even Foolish is awake, but when he's kept awake by nightmares most nights, he'd rather do something fucking *productive* with it, instead of staying in bed trying to fall back asleep.

Not that taking a walk is all that productive, but his memories-turned-nightmares have left him too rattled for much else.

He'd slept in his dress shirt, so he pulls his suit coat on over it, buttoning it to try and hide the wrinkles, grabbing his shoes and white cane before storming out the door. He isn't really sure what it is that's made him angry, not that it's uncommon for him, but he makes sure to slam the door on his way out.

Las Nevadas is glorious in the predawn light, and Quackity can't bring himself to care as he heads around the perimeter, not bothering to deal with the few mobs that've spawned in the mostly-lit areas. If he's lucky, maybe one will sneak up on him.

That train of thought drifts away eventually as he leaves Las Nevadas for the greater SMP, but his hands still curl into fists, teeth clenched as tight as his crooked jaw will let him.

Quackity passes abandoned restaurants, stores with weathered "OPENING SOON" signs tacked next to fraying red ribbons. He passes craters in the earth, creeper holes indistinguishable from the marks of TNT. He nearly passes a burnt-out building surrounded by the charred skeletons of birch saplings, set ablaze before they had the chance to fully grow. Something stops him, though, from storming by. He changes course for the building, readying a diamond axe.

Whatever threat he'd imagined, though, vanishes at the sight of Wilbur Soot.

The man's curled up beneath his shitty old coat, poking morosely at a tiny, weak fire. It reminds Quackity of the Pogtopia days, almost. The calm before the storm.

He steps forward, cane swishing through the ashes, and Wilbur looks up. Closer to him, Quackity can see the missing arm of his glasses, dried flecks of red from a nosebleed poorly cleaned up.

"Quackity."

"Damn, Wilbur. Is this where you've been staying?" The light-hearted comment doesn't land, and as Wilbur looks up with a start, Quackity realizes he was right. In addition to the coat, Wilbur's duffel bag is laid out on the ground like a pillow, an enderchest tucked towards the back. The floor looks as if someone's tried to sweep the ashes away, and Quackity feels momentarily guilty for tracking more around.

"Damn," Quackity says again, for lack of anything better to say. "You look like shit."

"Thank you." Wilbur grins, eyes empty, and Quackity's gaze catches on a chipped tooth. Surely he would have remembered that, if not the rest of Wilbur's state, the night they spent together just a few weeks ago? He sits down at the fire across from Wilbur, folding his cane

but not bothering to tuck it away, and rummages around his pockets for his old ram's-head lighter, tossing it to Wilbur.

"This has gotta be the shittiest fire I've ever seen, man."

Wilbur catches the lighter easily, flicking it on.

"What am I supposed to do with this? You don't light campfires with lighters." The little glowing flame bobs up and down, softly illuminating Wilbur's face.

"Put a different piece of wood on fire or something, then put that in the fire, I don't care." Quackity leans over the fire, blowing into it. It sends embers swirling up into their faces. Both Wilbur and Quackity flinch, before sharing a bitter laugh.

"Right pair of fuckups we are," Wilbur half-whispers, and Quackity snorts.

"Speak for yourself, man. I'm living the fucking dream." The sarcasm is bitter on his tongue, and he fiddles with the buttons on his coat sleeves just to have something to do.

"Right. How's the family?" Quackity wants to claw the damn smirk off his face, but restrains himself to verbal attack only.

"I could ask you the same thing. Haven't seen Tommy around you much, not recently." Unconsciously, Wilbur's hand drifts to his nose, scrubbing at his lip for the last of the dried blood. "*He's* the one who finally fuckin' hit you in the face?" Quackity giggles. It's forced. "Good for him, growing a spine and all."

Wilbur tosses the lighter back at Quackity, and he's not sure if it's his fucked depth perception or if Wilbur was trying to hit him, but the damn thing flies past his waiting hand, bounces off his head and lands in the fire.

"Shit!" Quackity's reaching in before he realizes what he's doing, fumbling around in the flames for the lighter. He shoves it out of the fire, too hot to grab, and sees Wilbur watching frozen, stricken look on his face.

"Holy *hell*, Quackity."

They lock eyes for a moment more, before Wilbur's leaning forward, taking Quackity by the wrist and peering at his hand, shifting to Quackity's side of the fire.

"That looks like it's gotta hurt."

"Maybe I like the pain." Quackity's voice cracks on the last word, and he turns his head away from Wilbur, stray hair slipping over his shoulders. Wilbur brushes it back with his free hand, tucking it behind Quackity's ear.

"Not everything we like is good for us." Wilbur trails his fingertips over Quackity's already-blistering palm, and Quackity inhales sharply, exhales shakily.

“Nothing is, I think.” Quackity’s voice is quiet, just barely gravelly with pain, and he can feel Wilbur catch his breath at the sound. “Are you going to do something about it?”

Wilbur snorts, caught off-guard. “What, you expect me to be able to fix that for you?”

“Not that, you goddamn fool, my hand!” Quackity waves the appendage in Wilbur’s face, breaking the moment. Just as well he did; Quackity doesn’t think he’d’ve been able to hold himself back from the tension much longer.

Wilbur scrambles up, standing a few feet from Quackity. His expression is absolutely stricken, though neither really knows why.

“Just a second, yeah. I’ve got the shit in my bag.” He stumbles over, roughly grabbing up his bag and returning to sit beside Quackity, motioning for the man to face him. Quackity does so, and Wilbur takes him gently by the wrist, inspecting his hand in the dim predawn. “I’m no fucking doctor, this is just for now, okay?”

Quackity nods, looking everywhere but Wilbur as he tries not to flinch. Wilbur cleans and wraps his hand in potion-soaked gauze rougher than he has any right to be, only letting up slightly when blood and pus start to seep through the bandages. Wilbur finishes awkwardly with a pat to the back of Quackity’s hand.

“Aren’t you gonna kiss it better?” Quackity grins, eyes hard with some kind of humor. Wilbur simply smiles, bringing Quackity’s knuckles to his lips.

“How could I forget.”

Quackity blinks. Wilbur smirks. His triumph is cut off with a yawn, however. Quackity giggles.

“Don’t fall asleep yet, dearie. You’re walking me back to Las Nevadas.” He shoves the lighter into his pocket and stands in a single motion, unfolding his cane with practiced ease.

“I am?”

“You are. I hope you don’t mind taking the long route, I hear Kinoko Kingdom’s particularly scenic this time of year.”

Wilbur’s face lights up in understanding as Quackity loops his arm through Wilbur’s. The two set off as the sun drags itself into the sky, and if they feign a softer relationship than they have, any onlookers would be none the wiser.

End Notes

Leave a comment?

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!